Thou hadſt cald me all theſe bitter names.
*Qu.Mar.* Why ſo I did, but looke for no reply:
O let me make the period to my curſe.
*Glo.* Tis done by me and ends by Margaret.
*Qu.* Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your ſelfe,
*Qu.M.* Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my for-
Why ſtrewſt thou ſuger on that botled ſpider, (tune:
Whoſe deadly web inſnareth thee about?
Foole foole, thou whetſt a knife to kill thy ſelfe,
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poiſoned bunchbackt toade.
*Haſt.* Falſe boading woman, end thy frantick curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou mooue our patience.
*Qu.M.* Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.
*Ri.* Were you well ſeru'd you would be taught your duty.
*Qu.Ma.* To ſerue me well, you all ſhould doe me dutie,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my ſubiects:
O ſerue me well, and teach your ſelues that dutie.
*Dorſ.* Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatique.
*Qu.M.* Peace maiſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarce currant:
O that your young nobilitie could iudge,
What t'were to looſe it and be miſerable?
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall they daſh themſelues to peeces.
*Glo.* Good counſell marry, learne it, learne it Marques.
*Dorſ.* It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.
*Glo.* Yea, and much more, but I was borne ſo high,
Our aiery buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the ſunne.
*Qu.Ma.* And turnes the Sunne to ſhade, alas, alas,
Witnes my ſunne, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright outſhining beames, thy cloudie wrath,
Hath in eternall darkeneſſe foulded vp:
Your aierie buildeth in our aeiries neaſt.
O God that ſeeſt it, doe not ſuffer it:
As it was won with blood, loſt be it ſo.
*Buck.* Haue done for ſhame, if not for charitie.
*Qu.M.* Vrge neither charitie nor ſhame to me,

Vncha-



Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And ſhamefully by you my hopes are butchered,
My charitie is outrage, life my ſhame,
And in my ſhame ſhall liue my ſorrowes rage.
*Buck.* Haue done.
*Q. Mary.* O princely Buckingham, I will kiſſe thy ha
In ſigne of league and amitie with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy princely houſe,
Thy garments are not ſpotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my curſe.
*Buck.* Nor no one here, for curſes neuer paſſe
The lips of them that breath them in the aire.
*Qu.Ma.* Ile not beleeue but they aſcend the skie,
And there awake Gods gentle ſleeping peace.
O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,
Looke when he fawnes, he bites, and when he bites,
His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not doe with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death, and hell haue ſet their markes on him,
And all their miniſters attend on him.
*Glo.* What doth ſhe ſay my Lord of Buckingham?
*Buck.* Nothing that I reſpect my gracious Lord.
*Q.Ma.* What doeſt thou ſcorne me for my gentle co
And ſoothd the diuell that I warne thee from?
O but remember this another day,
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorrow,
And ſay poore Margaret was a Propheteſſe:
Liue each of you, the ſubiects of his hate,
And he to you, and all of you to Gods.
*Haſt.* My haire doth ſtand on end to heare her curſes.
*Riu.* And ſo doth mine, I wonder ſhee's at libertie.
*Glo.* I cannot blame her By Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I haue done.
*Haſt.* I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
*Glo.* But you haue all the vantage of this wrong.
I was too hot to doe ſomebody good,
That is too colde in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repaid,